00 Coo Heath.

HOW LONG MUST ALDERMEN BE OBSTACLES?

TEXT Tuesday the Aldermen will have their third chance to pass an honest moving picture ordinance for the city. Twice they have tampered with the Mayor's original measure which prowided adequate safeguards for moving picture audiences. Twice they have slipped in a tricky amendment for the benefit of theatre owners. Twice the Mayor has been forced in the interest of the public to veto the measure as it came from their hands.

Five hundred thousand people, at a conservative estimate, are in moving picture theatres every day in Greater New York. These sudiences are made up of wage earners, children, people for whom the chespness of the moving picture show makes it their one amusement. Should private interests be allowed to filch dimes from this public in seturn for demoralizing pictures in dirty, unhealthy theatres? The Evening World has laid bare the evils of these places, the dangers, particularly for the young, which it is the city's pressing duty to remove.

The last time the Polks ordinance came before the Aldermen they seached to it a rider forbidding galleries, in order that the smaller theatres, in which certain Aldermen were personally interested, might not suffer from competition. The Mayor rightly vetoed this amended measure and bitterly rebuked the "crowd of theatre-owning politiwans" responsible for the amendment.

Public patience is about exhausted. Unless the Aldermen make up their minds to pass next Tuesday a straightforward moving-picture ordinance for the public good, they will find themselves in a blast of indignation that will shake their notoriously useless Board to its foundations.

Wall street will now begin to perk up and make eyes at those two hundred and sixty-six millions of July dividends.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

HILDREN should be seen and not heard" was a time-worn saying that used to do duty in many a household. It is old fashioned now. Up-to-date child culturists who, after devoting their lives to finding out what is best for other people's children, decree that older folks must sit close to the wall so that the expanding child may have plenty of room, would call it a relic of berberism.

But do the new plane work out well for the child? One of the dectors at the National Congress of Alienists and Neurologists thinks not. "Instead of being trained to be a member of the family," he declares, "the boy of to-day is taught to be President of the United States. Children are being petted and allowed to have their own way until they get an exalted idea of their importance." The result of continually showing off children and parading and praising their acemplishments is the development of egomania. "And egomania results in lack of self-control and finally a nervous and mental breakdown ,which leads to the insane asylum."

A few of these children may bring up in an asylum, but a great many more suffer no particular damage beyond becoming unpleasantly bumptious and restive citizens. It is a question whether, up to the age of twelve or fourteen, obedience, humility and respect are not the most useful things that can be put into a child's head and heart. In real life, no less than in books, the "spoiled child" used to be pointed out as an exception, a warning. Is he now the rule?

> The President's cabby has told what Mr. Wilson says when he makes a poor golf stroke.-Tribune.

But the Tribune hasn't told whether the President goes over the course in a hansons or a four-wheeler.

Was it their grim determination to get after luxuries that made the tariff sharps put a tax on bananas?

Letters From the People bill would reveal !tself by touch (even

to blind people) either by differences I have read with interest articles stating of size or shape or by raised figures or I have read with interest articles state some other indication.

PRIMA DONNA. and others \$6. But how about the working boye? We are not offered \$6 per week in most cases. We are usually about the National Guard. I have served \$6 and \$6 per week and have to pay 30 cents carfare and lunch money. I ment. I think a minitary training is a many speaking of boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. Many boys boy to begin taking. He can derive benefits from the National Guard symbols to have not like to have good pay B cents carfare and lunch money. I ment. I think a military training is parents. Do boys not like to have good nasiums, if his thoughts lie in that di-ciothes and spending money as well as rection, or in rifle practice. One day in do girls? Will the men of the future be do giris? Will the men of the future be honest men? I appeal to experts to make out a statement telling how we can live and enjoy life on 25 per week or are we not supposed to enjoy living?

"B. X." must consider a militia cureer so readily.
"B. X." must consider that drill night or the day of a parade might come just the day of a parade might come in the day of a parade might come in

WORKING BOY. In The World Almanae.

Editor of The Evening World:

tere can I find the tonnage, &c., of take his mind from the work that sup-

the four leading navies?

A. R.

A. Currency Suggestion.

So the Editer of The French World:

I wish the paper money of the U. S.

A. was fixed so that the amount of the self missed. ports him and his family and to prom-

Queer Facts.

CUADOR offers no market for stoves. The native cooks declare that the heat from them causes

in Philadelphia are demandng that their language be taught in the

ing firstly powdered ingredients it pressure coment articles have do to resemble porcelain.

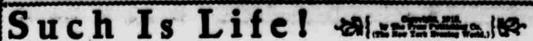
ise himself that when his son the cone) reaches eighteen he will give that son the military education that he himself misend.

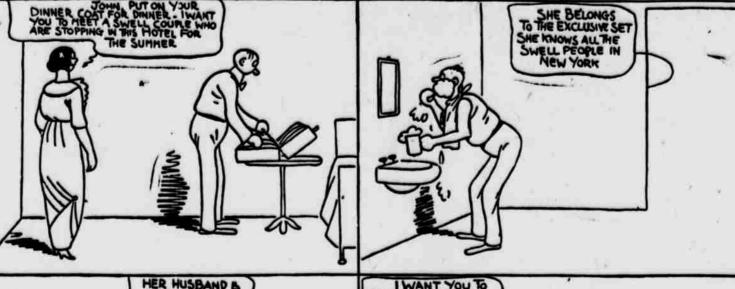
A. J. K. three times as great as in the same month ten years ago.

Reuben Winters, a man who was s witness in court in Norristown, Pa. fifty-three years ago, came to collect

The French inventor of a telepho antedating that of Alexander Graham Bell by twenty years recently died in comparative obscurity in Paris.

The French Government is planning to provide scholarships that will make ible a university education for









By Maurice Ketten





PAPA, I want you to punish Willie. He has been a very bad boy," remarked Mrs. Jarr in firm and solemn tones at the conclusion of the evening meal. ner had passed off quietly, with Master Jarr very subdued and only speaking when spoken to, and why he had not clamored for a second helping of atraw-herry shortcake, nor had he protested

asked Mr. Jarr.
"He has been reading dime novels,"

his mind to be filled with trash. Why
doesn't he read the Book of Select
Poetry or the ten volumes of The
long as your bank have monde as
History of Europe that the select with the long as your bank have been to be long as your bank have to be long as your bank have been to be Poetry or the ten volumes of The long as your bank book lets you. It's History of Europe that those people terrible! You don't know who you're



sould see to steer their vessel in the "I guess they used Ark fighte"

Willie Jarr Wants to Become a Rail-Splitting President

wondered why on earth I chose you

forget the way my folks glared at your folks in the church at our wedding-

dice they had against your father be-cause he wore clastics in the sides of

Mrs. G.-Prejudice! Well, I don't

mother always sprinkled sugar on her

we're getting too old to keep on bluff-

DOMESTIC DIALOGUES

By Alma Woodward.

Copyright, 1918, by The I'ress Publishing Co. (The New York breating World). Mr. G. (grimly)-I never noticed no "Times Have Changed!" great push when I called.

Mrs. G. (scathingly)-Why, I can never forget when pa announced my engagement to you how all our friends

clarmored for a second helping of strawberry shortcake, nor had he protested
that his first and only segment of this
delectable dessert had been of minute
proportion as we his general practice
upon such occasions.

"What has Wille been doing now?"
asked Mr. Jarr.

"He has been reading dime novels," from all of them. Of course they were too polite to say so in so many words.

mid Mrs. Jurr. "Go in mamma's room —Huh?

and bring the dreadful dime novel. Mr. G. (reluctantly)—I was just ear-Mr. Jary took the booklet and exing that times ain't what they were.

Mr. Jary took the booklet and exing that times ain't what they were.

Mrs. G. (sourly)—No, I should say they weren't. Butter forty-three cents a pound and enions twenty cents appeared to adventure fiction in people. People ain't what they were. his shoes, an' your mother 'cause she dyed her hair an' forgot to dye her

people. People ain't what they were.

Mrs. G. (enorting)—I should say not "It looks like a dime novel," said Mrs. There isn't any quality nowadays. If things-maybe descendants of your

Mr. G. (mentally disturbed)-Oh, I Mr. G. (slowly)-Let's see How long didn't mean that I meant young fel- have we seen married lows an girls. The fellows used to be Mrs. G. (chopping out the words)—so bashful an polite and the girls used Eighteen years come this October. o be so demure an' sweet-and now | Mr. G. (with some hesitation)-I guess

How do you know?

Mrs. G. (resentius)—Both of us. My

Mrs. G. (tersely)—Both of us. My

folks were crasy for me to marry you

folks were crasy for me to marry you Mrs. G. (distinctly)—I don't know that po's ma could join the suchre cleb your gure you were never burdened with ever-politeness. I don't see that the men have changed much. But I must say there's a difference in the women, Why, I remember how shy I used to be My heart used to flutter just like an except and they thought You were getting nervous because I never had as many flames as My heart used to flutter just like an except and they thought I'd be an My heart used to flutter just like an ex- other girls and they thought I'd be an elted dove when a young man called on old maid. Mr. G. (Mandly)—Any great and un- Bessie. You've still got the little dim-

expected shock may disturb the heart.

Sira. G. (in shrill protest)—Unexpectsition my knes like you used to.

Mrs. G. (patting his bald head)—You stairs girl wasn't running her feet off are a pretty young looking man, Jim.

opening the door to my beaux. Ma

Mr. G. (slipping an arm around her never could keep an upstairs girl long. waist)—Times ain't what they were.

They all complained it was hard upon Young married people don't love each their shees.

Mr. G. (slipping an arm around her for a month!"

And Master Jarr was led off weeping their shees.

pou got it from write us the most dreadful letters about?

"Tuthermore, I do not believe the test pounds, as their advertisements stated—tim going to weigh them. I'll take them out to weigh them. I'll take them out to Muller weigh them. And if they do not work work work in the process, and have Mr. Muller weigh them. And if they do not work most their average from the publishers sued. There is a law against of such shings in the papers!"

The old man builded in his rethint cap, the moving the moving the moving the moving the moving pictures that are blamed these days.

"No," said Mr. Jarr; "We the moving pictures that are blamed these days.

Besides, it's the birthright of every move on and the darkey made not all title beginner," said Mr. Jarr. "This book won't hurt him."

"It's those kind of books that make that purpose."

"How can I get any good out of the stim, and it's so cold I care't whistle!"—

Where an I get any good out of the stim, and it's so cold I care't whistle!"—

The old man builded in his rethint cap, devenues we willing for a biplated our war estimated by the strange outfit and pictures that are blamed these days.

"Wo," said Mr. Jarr; "We the moving pictures that are blamed these days.

"American boy to shoot Indians in seating the moving son, and the Government should preserve them (the Indians, I mean,) for the Topicures that are blamed these days.

"Wo," said Mr. Jarr; "We the moving the moving of the diverting the multi-state of the order.

"Wo," said Mr. Jarr; "We the moving the moving of the diverting the multi-state of the order.

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"Wo," said Mr. Jarr; "We the moving the moving the moving of the diverting the moving of the diverting the follow.

"Wo," and Mr. Jarr in the part of the order.

"How can I get any good out of the stim, and the area blants of the condition.

"Cause dis yet estimated—"The sead darkey made of the order.

"When can I get any good out of the

sovel, and I know it!"

"No it ain't, maw!" oried the boy.
"It's The Toung Scout's Library. And
I'm a Scout. And it only cost fi cents.

"Library, Willie," corrected Mrs

cheaply printed and with a front page it seems to me that this is an ex-captionally excellent book for a boy. See its title, The Young Ran Splitter of Illinois; Or, From Poor Boy to President.' It is a story, to interest boys. that has been written about President

little boy; "Imy Shrvinsky says he has an Unele Abraham in Brownsville who was a soldier in the war, in the

know what you'd call my father's can-timents for your father. He often said your father was the only man he knew mean enough to take advantage of the of the great men of our giorious coun-"There, you seel" said Mr. Jare, "The dark to offer you a cigar! And your try, and you would have him punished!"
mother always sprinkled sugar on her "Well, I'm sorry it I misjudged him There is a peum francht with bitter reflection. Mr. G. removes the cigar from the corner of his mouth and looks over at Mm. G.

So no great harm would have been flow tomas her head, combative to the end.)

Mr. G. (slowing-Let's new Horn loops

done if he had gotten punished this

"Mamma mid she didn't want me t grow up and be President!" whimper

"I don't believe in politics," gaid Mrs. Jarr. "We seldom hear of a President's mother being the First Lamy of the Land. But if Wille doesn't marry and SHOULD be President! Oh, don't smile!" she added, turning to Mr. Jarr. 'Our Willie is very bright. Things like that have happened. And they say Washington society people are very

charming."
"Well, While," mid Mr. Jarr, "here's

a rall splitter."
"Yes, but I can, paw!" replied the
boy eagerly. "Issy Slavinsky and I
took a hatchet yesterday and split all

The Stories of Famous Novels By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 42 .- THE ABBE CONSTANTIN; By Ludovic Halevy. HE old Abbe Constantin was as nearly unhappy as ever he permitted himself to be. His sorrow was not for himself, but for his poor. From youth he had been priest of the lazy riverside

French village that nestled around the castle of Longueval. The great folk of the castle had not been very rich. But they had done what they could for the village poor. And the Abbe had been their agent in alleviating poverty and distress.

But now all the Longuevals were dead or had left the neighborhood. And the castle and the estates had just been bought by Mrs. Scott, an Amertean multi-millionaire.

The Abbe knew he could not expect an American stranger to be interested in his little church and in his beloved poor. He looked forward to a period of unrelieved poverty and distress among the villagers. And his gentle heart was heavy within him.

While he sat in his cottage garden talking over the sad state of affairs The Stranger

From America.

The newcomers specific young the old priest's heart by

The newcomers speedily won the old priest's heart by their keen interest in everything that pertained to the village. Mrs. Scott on leaving the cottage gave him \$300, promised to keep up the church and to send the everjoyed abbe \$100 a month for his poor—a larger sum than he had ever seen at one time. His only fear was that there would not be second applicants for so much money.

enough applicants for so much money.

Meantime, Bettina and young Jean Reynaud, during that single visit, had begun to take an unwonted interest in each other. In fact when Bettina went away from the cottage she carried away Jean's heart with her; and she left her own in exchange. It was love at first sight for both.

Being so rich, as well as beautiful, Bettina bad had scores of suit

New York and in France. Some of them had loved her. Others had loved her bugs fortune. Some had been adventurers. Others were noblemen. One was a Prince. But she had never been in love until she met Jean Reynaud.

This same love made Jean profoundly miserable. He was not a fortune unter; but a clean, honorable young fellow. He was penniless, except for his league pay as a lieutenant. And he was without prospects. He knew he had But the cirl found means of arranging many meetings between Jean and

herself; both at the castle and elsewhere. And, daily, their love grew stronger. Bettina told her sister the secret. And Mrs. Scott, after the first pany of dissppointment that Bettina would thus lose a chance of marrying a Prince, hear approved of the match.

But Jean would not speak his tove. Instead, he tried to avoid Miss Percival. Bettina understood why. She knew he would not propose to her. And she could not very well propose to him. There was a deadlock. But her clever brain hit at last on a solution of the problem.

at last on a solution of the problem.

One day, as Jean was at the Abbe's cottage, telling of the hopelessness of his love and receiving what consolation the kindly priest could offer him, Bettina Percival entered the room. Addressing the Abbe, she announced that she had come to make confession to him; but that here was a public confession; so that oome to make confession to him; but that here was a public confession; so that
Jean need not go away while it was in progress.

Before either of the men could interrupt, she confessed very prettily to the

'Abbe that she loved Jean Reynaud and that she would marry him or stay forever single.

'Jean," gravely commanded the Abbe Constantin, as his godson stood mute and trembling with incredulous joy. 'Marry har. It is both your duty and your happi-

A month later, the Abbe officiated at quite the most sumptuous and wonderful wedding in all his experience; the wedding of his godson, Jean Reynaud, to the American girl, Bettina Percival.

The Day's Good Stories

In No Hurry.

A Matter of Doubt.

What Waiters Really Do.

STUART C. LEAKE, the ratired man, dropped into a cafe in Philadelphia one day for lunch, and signified by voice and gen-tures that he was in a terrific hurry to be served,

The old darkey pointed a trembling finger at the corner.

"Why on earth didn't you come her "Cause dis you made won't go Tom I whistle "Two detailed you?" asked Leaks,

"How can I get any good out of the at him, and We so cold I care't whistle!"—

"I was detained by a little private.

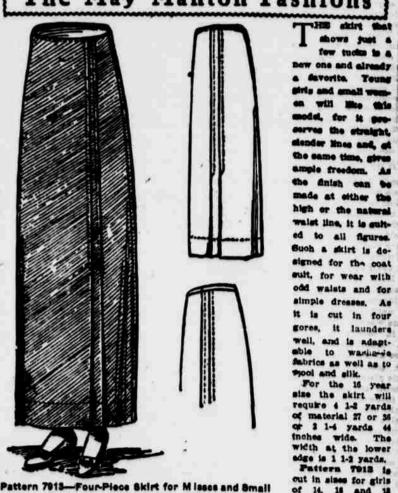
Mice this

2 1-4 yards 44

Pattern 7918 to

This cremed to bring the waiter to his cream.
"Well, Mr. Lenks," he mid, with great hemility, "I was colebrating a little. I just mee by
the stock ticker that I had made a thousand dellars on the short side of the market. Whet's

The May Manton Fashions



Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

Onli at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON PARMION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in esta or steeps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your address plainty and always specify size wanted. Add two conts for lotter postage if in a hurry.